

# POLICE

SM 9

10¢

COMICS

SEPTEMBER  
No. 46

8

## PLASTIC MAN

makes **THE OWL**  
HOOT and *HOWL!*



- JACK COLE -





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# POLICE



SEPTEMBER  
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## PLASTIC MAN

makes **THE OWL**  
HOOT and 'HOWL'!



- JACK COLE -

# GIANT TELESCOPE OFFER

## BIG — POWERFUL — Over 3½ Feet Long!

### Here's the GREATEST TELESCOPE VALUE in all AMERICA

The Yankee Clipper Super Telescope is by far the longest, most powerful and finest Telescope being sold at only \$1.98 including a Carrying Case. Most Telescopes of this size and power sell for considerably more. Yet, no matter how much you might expect to pay, we absolutely guarantee that you can't buy a better Telescope than this one for less money anywhere in the country today. Just imagine! It's over 3½ ft. long, yet so light in weight that you can hold it in one position for hours. It's so powerful, you can clearly see far away objects which are almost invisible to the naked eye. You can see people and wild life miles away and watch what they're doing when they can't see you. Sensational! Exciting! Fun and adventure such as you've never known before!

### Makes Distant Objects Appear Many Times Closer!

You'll get the thrill of a lifetime when you take your first look through the big powerful optically-ground lens of this 3½ ft. long Yankee Clipper Telescope. It's positively amazing how far you can see. Brings almost invisible distant objects many-times closer to you—clear, sharp, "BIG AS LIFE!" Never a dull moment when you have this powerful Telescope handy. Explore the moon, the stars and planets. Spot airplanes, boats, distant land marks. Take this Telescope with you to the beach, on hunting trips, on mountain climbs. Get a big clear "close-up" from a distance of all forms of life, without fear of being seen. Watch people at play—see birds in winged flight. Enjoy front row seats way back at ball games, fights and all sporting events. No limit to what you can do and see with this high powered Telescope. Order yours today while our supply lasts. Only \$1.98 complete with Carrying Case.

### SEND NO MONEY TEST IT FOR 10 FULL DAYS—AT OUR RISK!

Send NO Money! Just Mail the Handy Coupon Today! Upon arrival of Telescope with Carrying Case, deposit only \$1.98 plus a few cents postage with postman. There's no risk. Use the Telescope for 10 full days. Focus it on objects miles away. Have your friends try it. Convince yourself that here is America's biggest Telescope value. If after 10 days trial you're not positively thrilled and delighted with the way this Giant Telescope helps you to see great distances, return it without delay and we'll refund your money in full, no questions asked. Surely you'll agree this is as fair and generous an offer as it's possible to make. Remember, our supply of these 17-Power telescopes is going fast. And, too, further production may be curtailed at any time. So Hurry. Mail the coupon today without fail.

Only  
**\$1.98**  
CARRYING CASE INCLUDED

Has THREE Large Precision Ground Optical Lenses

You get this durable Canvas Military Case which is made especially for this Telescope. Slides over easily and closes at top by means of a draw string which acts as handle. Can be folded into small package to be carried in pocket when not in use.

Hurry! RUSH THIS COUPON!

Our Supply of Telescopes Is Going Fast . . .

Get Yours Now—So That You Won't Be Disappointed!



Your Money Back If This Telescope Doesn't Thrill and Delight You

Don't confuse this Yankee Clipper with weak named Telescopes you may have seen or heard about. It's guaranteed Super Power and measures over 3½ ft. in length from end to end. Lenses are of optically-ground polished glass—product of one of America's big optical houses. There is no other Telescope like it being offered anywhere in America at this low price. While our supply lasts, this remarkable high powered Telescope is available to you at the sensationally low price of only \$1.98. Think of it—only \$1.98—with Carrying Case. Rush your order today. Sold on an iron-rod money back guarantee. If you're not more than pleased with the way this super Telescope performs.

CARRYING CASE Included

## Send No Money!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3129-A  
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Illinois  
Please rush me the Yankee Clipper Giant 3½ ft. long Telescope complete with Carrying Case. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus few cents postage and COD charges, with the understanding that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted with the way this Telescope performs, I can return it within 10 days and get my money back in full.

Name

Address

City & Zone  State

☐ I enclose \$1.98 in advance. Please send Telescope with Carrying Case all shipping charges prepaid.



# PLASTIC MAN

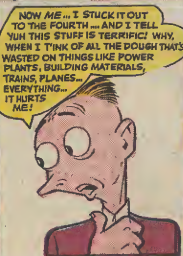
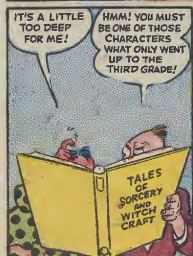
AW, DON'T  
WORRY, PLAS!...  
**THE OWL**  
CAN'T DO ANY REAL  
DAMAGE! HE'S JUST  
PLAYING!

JUST A  
KID AT HEART.....  
WITH A KNACK  
FOR DESTROYING-  
A FEW LITTLE  
THINGS!

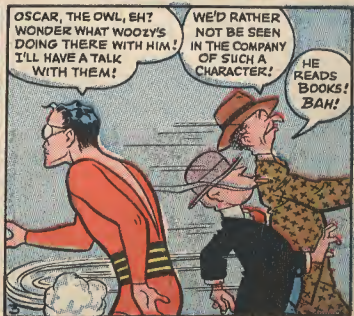
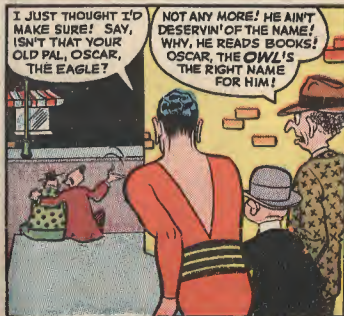
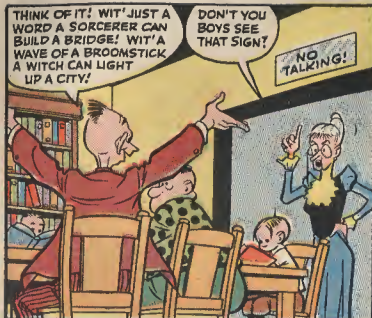


"A little learning is a dangerous thing," wrote a famous poet....and he might have been writing of **THE OWL**, a brand new kind of savant, who had larceny in his heart, murder in his blood and enough crackbrained ideas to keep **PLASTIC MAN** busy twenty-five hours a day!



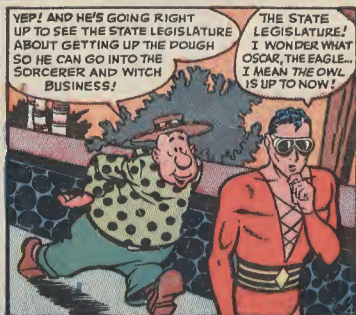
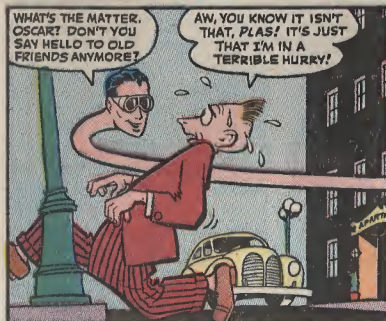


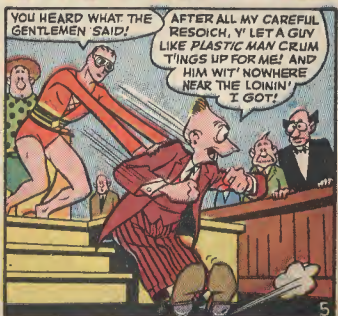
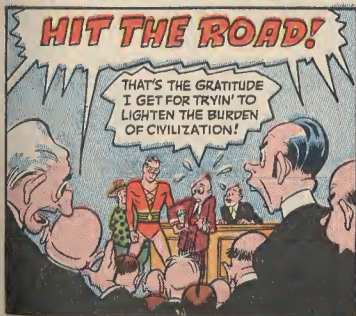
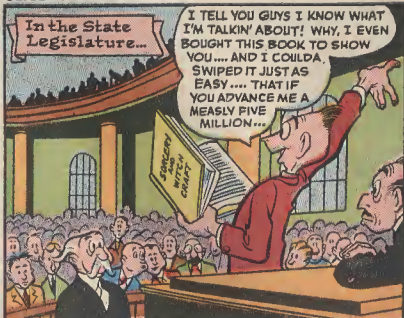




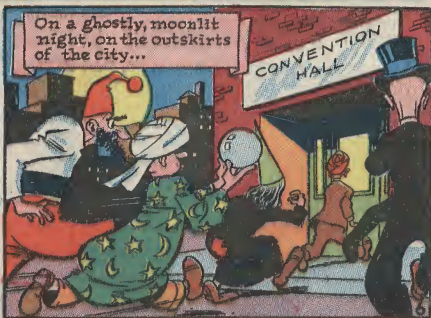
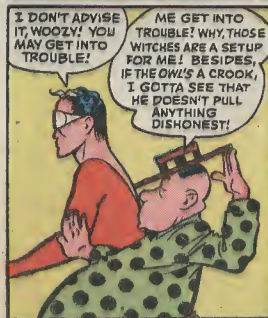
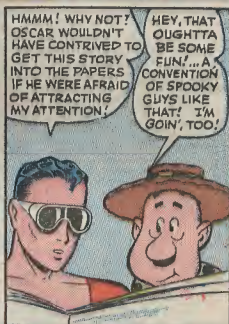
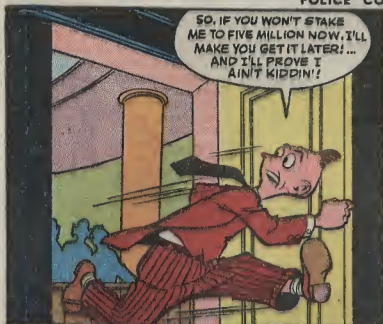


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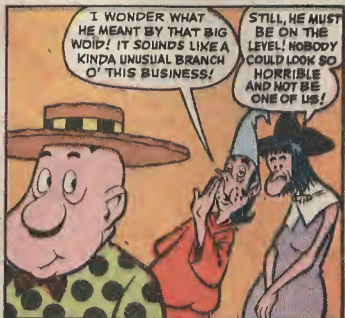
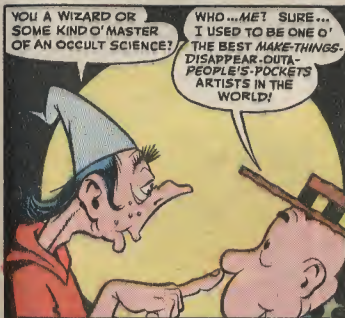




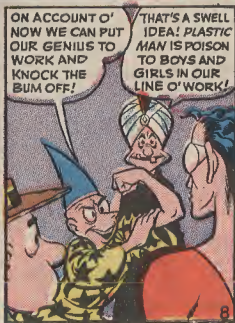


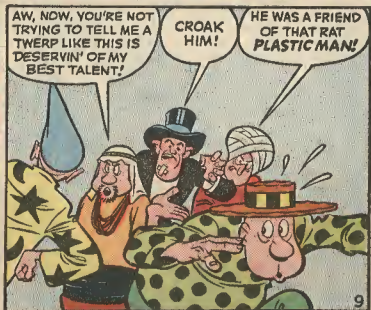
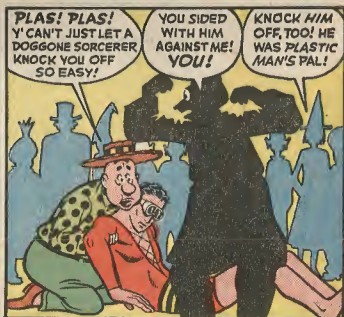
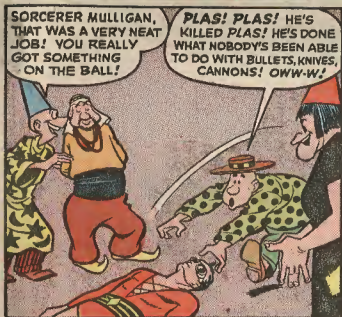
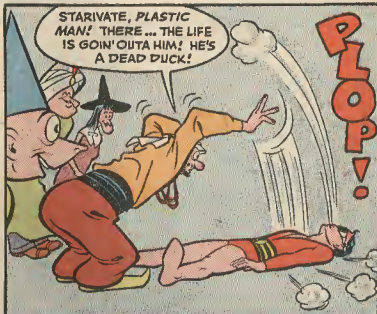


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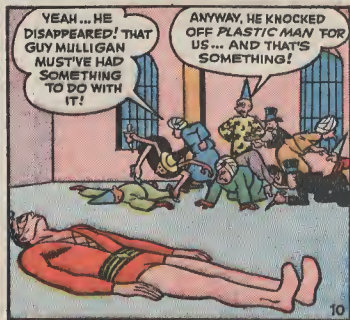




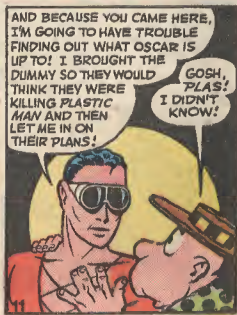
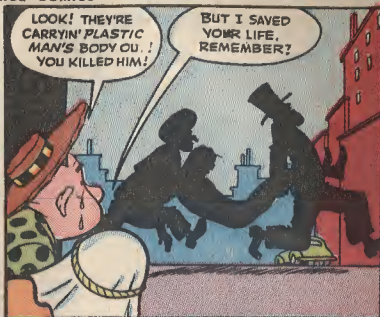






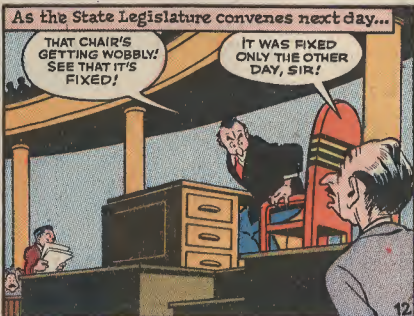
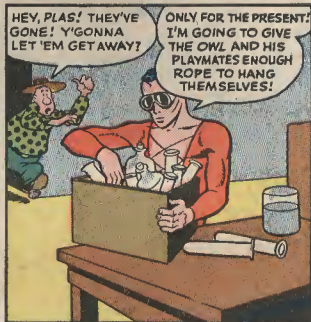


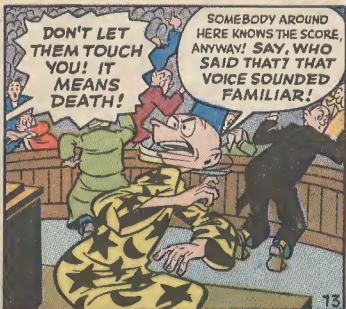
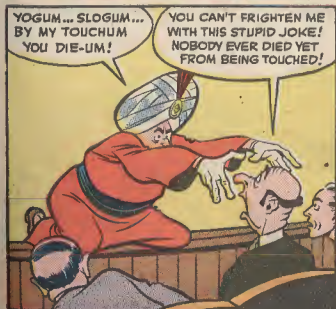
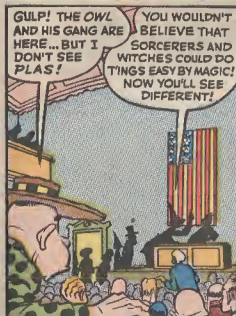
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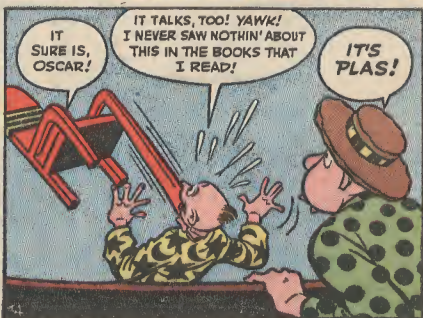
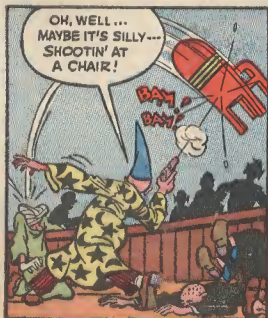
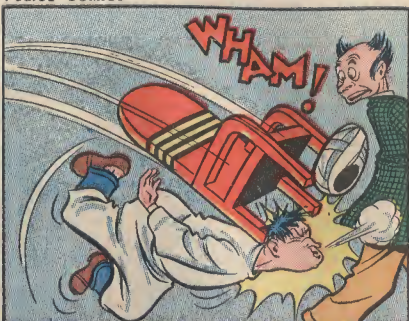


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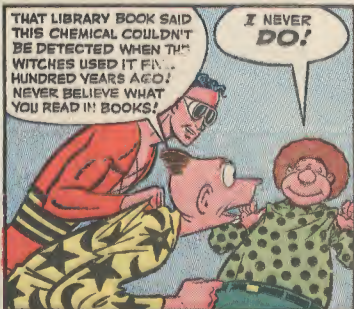
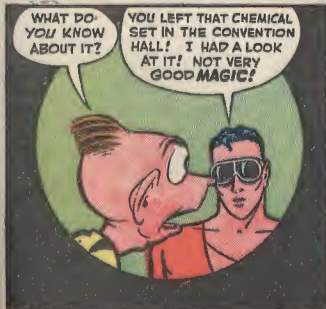
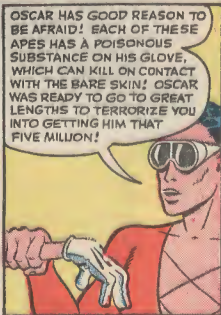
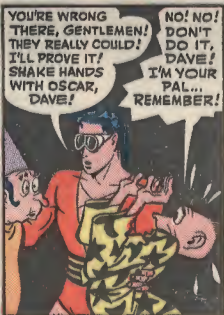
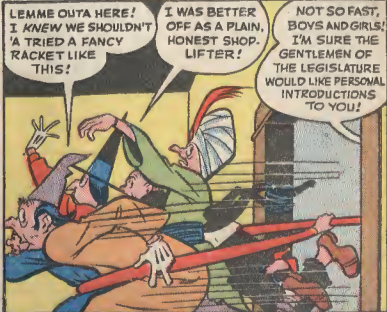








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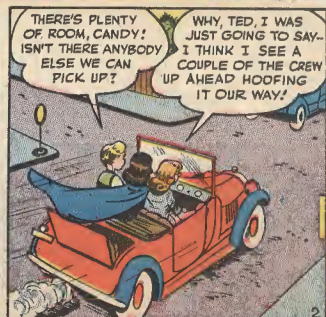
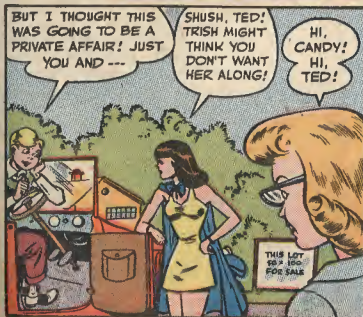
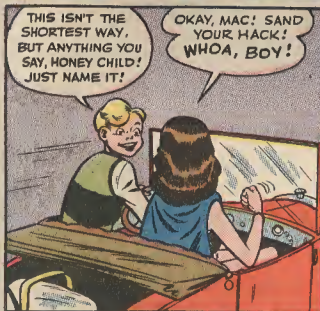
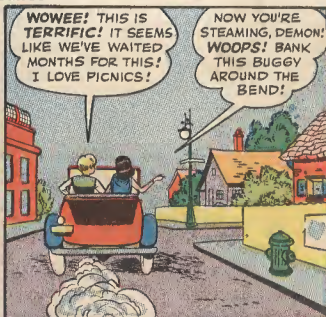




THERE! NOW ISN'T  
THIS **SUPER?** WHEN  
I SAID WE'D TOSS A  
**PRIVATE PICNIC--**  
I WASN'T JUST CLICKING  
THE IVORIES! I MEANT  
**PRIVATE!**

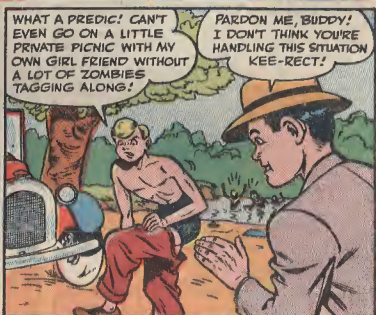
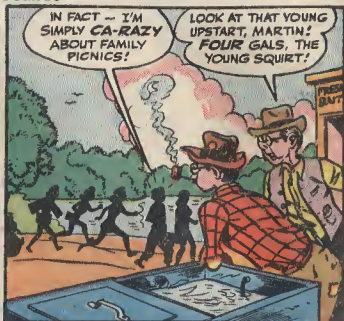
Y-YEAH, TED -- IT'S  
REALLY **SWELLEAGANT!**  
BUT--BUT **HOW ARE**  
WE GOING TO GET  
**BACK!**



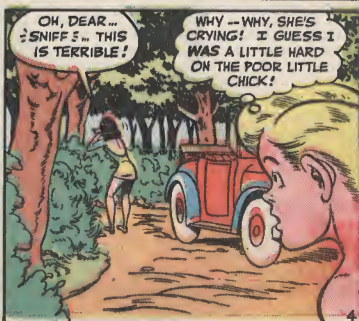
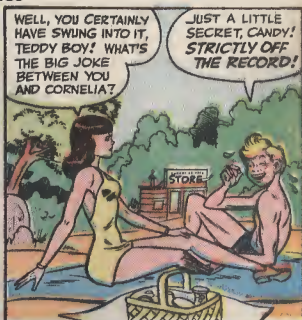
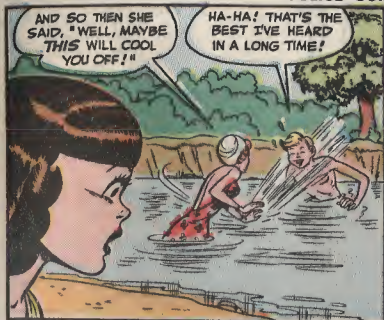




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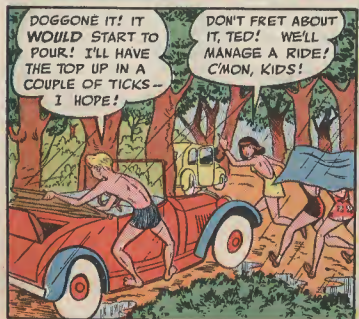
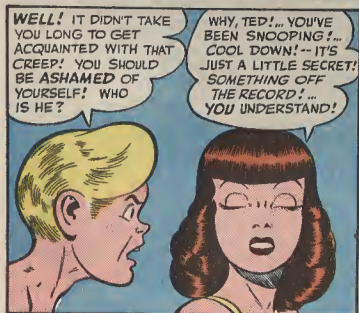
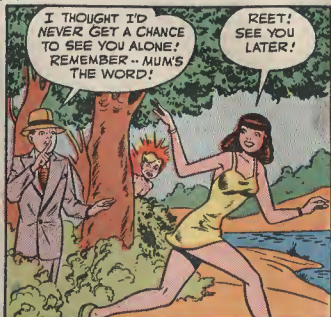


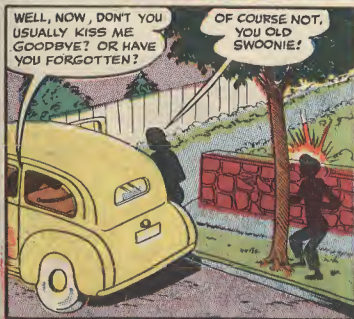
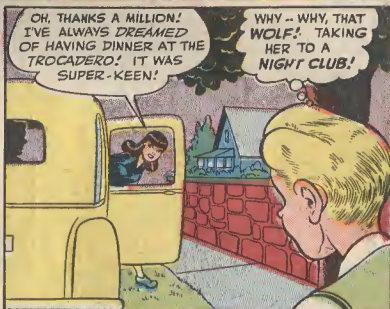
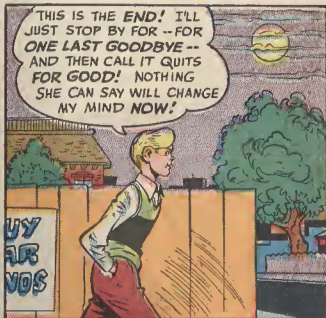
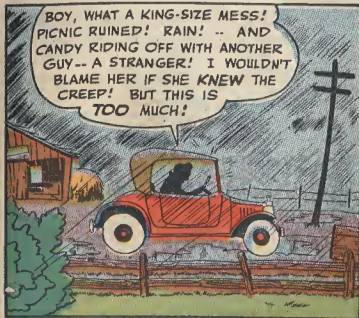
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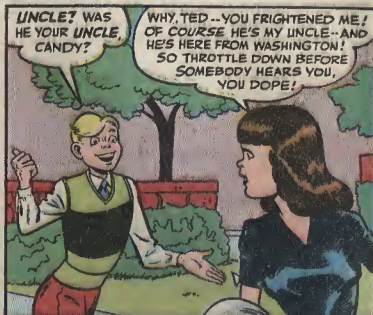


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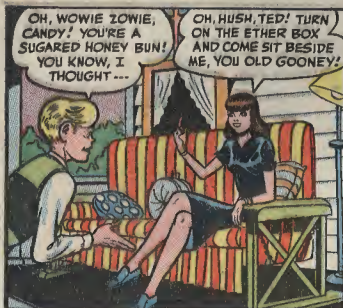
GOODBYE, CANDY, AND WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T TELL YOUR MOTHER I'M IN TOWN! I WANT TO SURPRISE THE OLD GAL ON HER BIRTHDAY!

DON'T FURROW YOUR BROW ONE BIT!-- I WON'T! SO LONG, UNCLE JOHN!



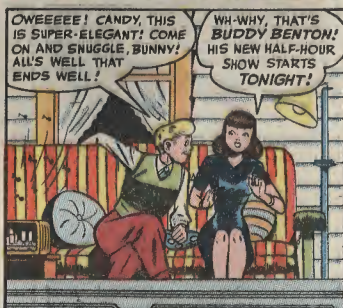
UNCLE? WAS HE YOUR UNCLE, CANDY?

WHY, TED-- YOU FRIGHTENED ME! OF COURSE HE'S MY UNCLE--AND HE'S HERE FROM WASHINGTON! SO THROTTLE DOWN BEFORE SOMEBODY HEARS YOU, YOU DOPE!



OH, WOWIE ZOWIE, CANDY! YOU'RE A SUGARED HONEY BUN! YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT---

OH, HUSH, TED! TURN ON THE ETHER BOX AND COME SIT BESIDE ME, YOU OLD GOONEY!



OWEEEEEE! CANDY, THIS IS SUPER-ELEGANT! COME ON AND SNUGGLE, BUNNY! ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

WH-WHY, THAT'S BUDDY BENTON! HIS NEW HALF-HOUR SHOW STARTS TONIGHT!



BUT, CANDY, CAN'T YOU SIT HERE AND LISTEN, TOO!

SHHHH, TED! I THINK HE'S GOING TO SING!

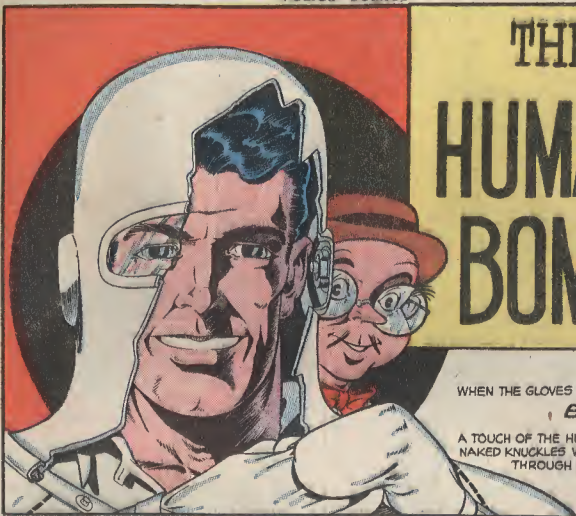


THERE'S A MOON... SO CROON AND SWOON...

OHNNNNNNNN!

OHNNNNNNNN! OHNNNNNNNN!

# THE HUMAN BOMB



WHEN THE GLOVES COME OFF---

**BEWARE!**

A TOUCH OF THE HUMAN BOMBS  
NAKED KNUCKLES WILL BLAST  
THROUGH **ANYTHING!**

IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE OF  
THE STATE PRISON...

YOU'VE BEEN A  
MODEL PRISONER,  
GORDON, AND I  
HOPE YOU PROVE  
THAT YOUR PAROLE  
IS DESERVED!

THANKS,  
WARDEN!  
I'M REALLY  
GOING  
STRAIGHT!

YAH, JIM GORDON! I  
WAS WAITIN' TO TAKE  
YOU BACK TO THE  
BUNCH--LOOKIT, WE  
KNOW WHERE THERE'S  
A SAFE YOU CAN  
OPEN WITH A  
BUTTONHOOK--

SORRY, BINKIE!  
I'M PAROLED! ONE  
FALSE STEP AND  
BACK IN I GO!  
GOODBYE NOW!

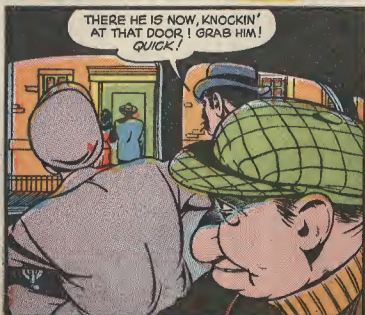
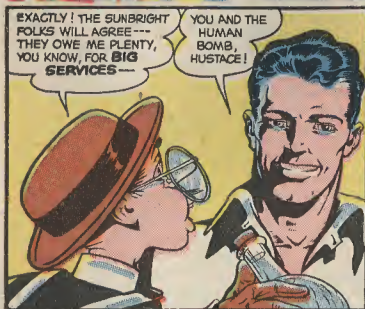
JIM! I'VE BEEN  
WAITING--AND  
NOW--

AND NOW IT'S  
GOING TO BE  
SWELL, LULA,  
JUST YOU AND  
ME!





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BOOM





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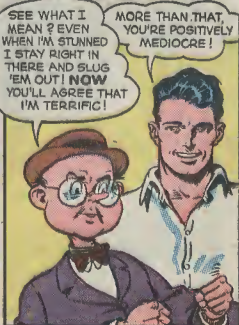
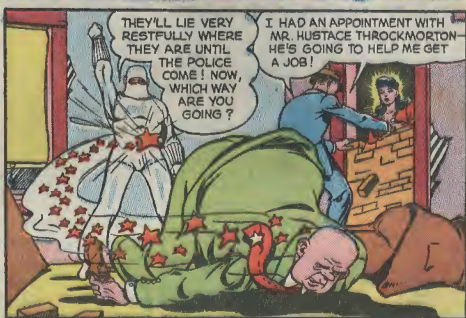


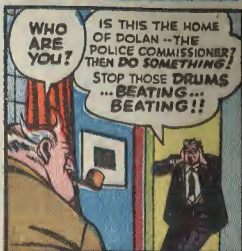
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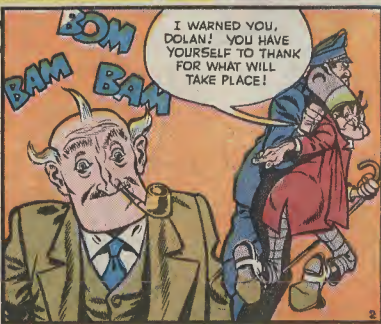
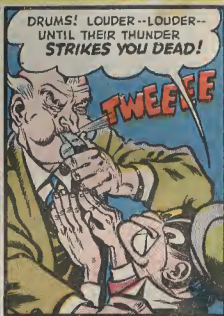
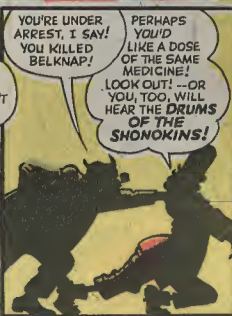
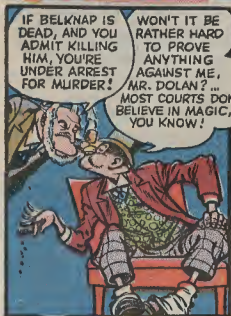
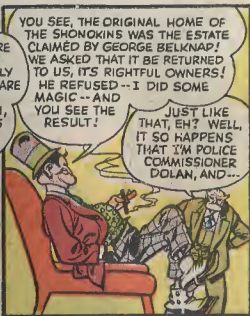
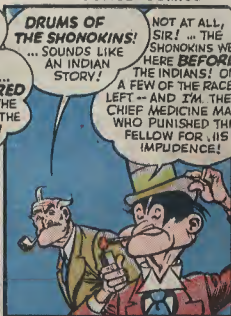
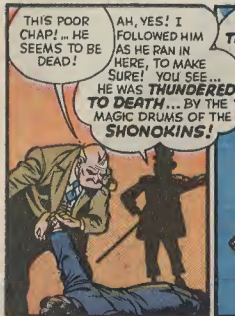


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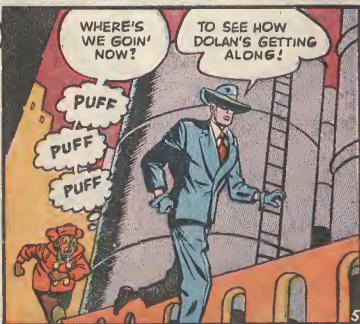




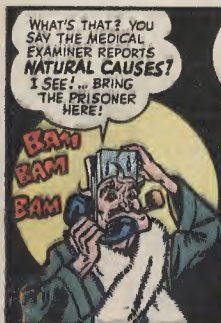
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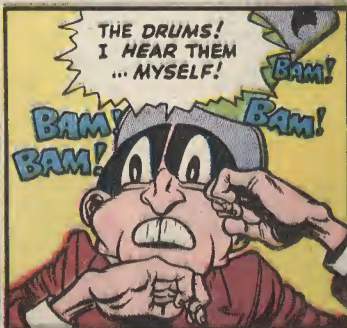


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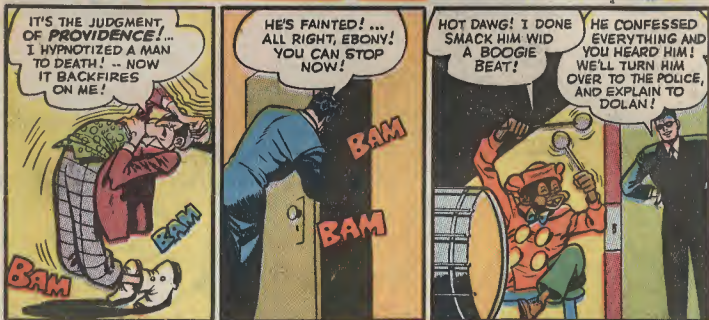
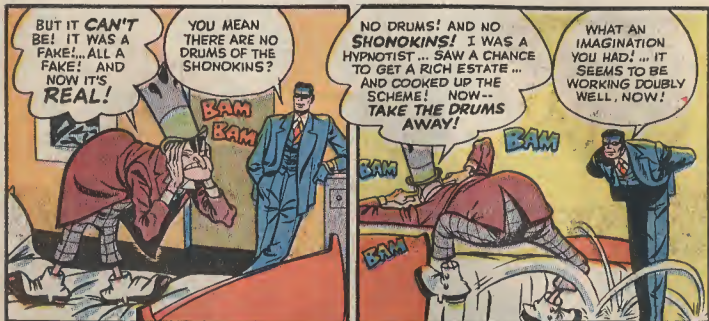












POLICE COMICS





# DEATH UNDERGROUND

THE three dead men lay side by side near the office of the Winston Mine No. 3. There were no marks on their bodies. Their eyes were wide open, staring, sightless. A hushed crowd stood around, quieted by the eerie strangeness of death. But especially quiet because this was death in a form they were not used to.

"What's the verdict, doctor?" Horace Brant asked the medical examiner, when he had finished with the bodies.

"No rigor as yet," replied the physician. "I can't tell much until we perform an autopsy. Darned odd, I'd say. No marks of violence. Their expressions reveal nothing. Poison usually distorts the face by the pain that almost always accompanies death by it. Did these men have any enemies?"

Brant said no, not that he knew of. "Of course," he amended, "I wasn't acquainted with their personal lives. We're not interested in those things here. But there has been no trouble at the mine."

The doctor nodded. "Well, the coroner will be here pretty soon. . . . I'll give you a report on anything we find in the morning. So long."

Horace Brant stood a moment after the doctor had taken his departure, listening to the hushed sobs of wives of the dead men. Then he went slowly into his small office. Brant was not a young man. He had been with the Winston people for 20 years, working his way up from ordinary coal miner to vice-president.

The coroner's black truck hauled the bodies away. Brant sat at his littered desk until the evening shift had come on. There was a noticeable detachment in the men coming on,

stark fear in the faces of the men leaving.

Brant got up and entered the mine cage that was filling up with the score of men it carried below on each trip. It was on the 500-foot level where the tragedies had occurred—in section 9.

Old Tobey, who had charge of the mine cars and had been with the company longer than anyone else, led Brant to the section now regarded as 'haunted.'

"Ain't nothin' odd about it, sir," said Tobey. "I been hearin' 'Tommy knockers' hereabouts fer quite a spell. It's ha'nted, that's all. Th' ha'nts jist picked on poor Billings an' Jenks an' Keeting 'cause they happened to be whar th' ha'nts was."

Brant grinned in spite of himself. "Yes, Tobey, I know." "Tommy knockers," he recalled, were tapping sounds sometimes heard in coal mines at great depths. There was usually an explanation for the sounds. But to the old miners, steeped in superstition, they meant death whenever heard.

Section 9 was an area about thirty square feet in size. It was just like any other of the many sections on the various levels. Men had been working it every day for months, doing the same things they always did. And now—this!

"You understand, Tobey," said Brant to the old man, "that if your story got around we'd have a big drop in attendance. We simply can't have that. War plants must have the coal. People are freezing in many places because they can't get any heat. I'd take it as a real kind gesture if you'd say nothing about 'Tommy knockers.'"

Tobey wagged his grizzled head. "I ain't sayin' nothin' Mr. Brant. But them as hears jist

hears."

Brant returned to the surface. The deaths of three men had not caused any appreciable falling off of employees. Partly because the story had not got around yet. Tomorrow would tell a different story.

Tomorrow did. It was an even more tragic story than yesterday. Five men had started working in Section 9. Just before the noon whistle, workers in a nearby section heard a shrill scream. They rushed into 9, to find all five men lying in silent heaps. They had evidently just begun spraying the workings to lay the dust, before tackling their jobs after lunch. The water still spurted from the hose, held by one of the dead men.

Terror reigned throughout the mine. The subtle 'grapevine,' impossible to understand, relayed the dread news almost instantly it seemed, and every worker headed hurriedly for the elevators. Work stopped. There was no more activity in Winston No. 3. And there was nothing the foreman could do about it.

Eight deaths—unsolvable deaths—in two days was too much for the taut simple minds of most of those miners. And so No. 3 was idle the following day because not a man showed up for work.

The mine executives were desperate. They had called a conference in Homer Eadings' office. As president of the company, everyone looked to Eadings to offer a solution.

Eadings spread his hands helplessly. "What can I say? Thank heaven nothing has occurred in the other mines to cause a lay-off. But we've got to keep No. 3 working. We've got to!"

"Then," said Brant, "we've got to find out what causes those men to lose their lives. If we

## POLICE COMICS

don't find a natural cause we'll never get another man into No. 3."

Eadings nodded somberly. "I've wired Dick Mace, that New York detective," he said. "He should be here in a few minutes. If anybody can uncover the cause, he can."

Although the heads of the company didn't know it, Mace was already at work. He had arrived an hour before he expected to and had gone immediately into No. 3. It was better this way. He had often found that working on a case was less hampered when he worked without the knowledge of anyone.

Dick spent two hours far down in the darkness of No. 3, searching, looking, prying. But he found not a clue. He went over Section 9 three times, discovering nothing that looked like the work of saboteurs. At last, grimy and dusty, he presented himself in the offices of Mr. Eadings.

At first there was quite a stir from the men when the sooty figure came into their midst. But when Mace identified himself, there were audible sighs of relief.

"Been doing a little looking on my own," he explained. "I find it better sometimes. I arrived early, anyway."

"And you found—" began Eadings. Dick lifted a dirty hand.

"Nothing as yet. Need a bit more time. Like to wash up right now."

He was quickly shown to a wash room. He turned on a faucet, then reached up to snap on a light directly above the lavatory. The contact almost knocked him over.

"Hm!" he grumbled, rubbing his wrist ruefully.

Dick checked into a modest hotel that night, but left the building almost immediately. There was work to do. He knew one thing: the deaths at the mine had a logical explanation. He meant to find out what it was. He walked to the mine, which was near the city limits.

The place was deserted, ex-

cept for a hardy old watchman who kept to his well lighted shack. Dick opened the door and stepped inside. The old man looked up quickly, reaching for his pocket. Dick grinned. "I'm not a haunt. Don't bother. I'm the detective sent out here to look around. May need you for a few minutes."

The old watchman relaxed with a chuckle. "Ye give me a start fer a minute, young feller. . . . All right, ye wanta go down th' shaft? Purty gloomy place this time o' night, without nothin' doin'."

They entered the cage and dropped swiftly to the bottom level. "We'll begin here and work up," Dick explained.

Very carefully he covered the various drifts and tunnels, finding nothing suspicious. The next level proved the same thing. The third level from the bottom was where Section 9 was located. Dick went over it minutely. Then he discovered the water main, with a lever that only needed flipping to start the powerful stream running through the 2-inch hose that still lay where the dead man had dropped it.

Dick told the old watchman to stay away from 9. Then he put on thick rubbers and heavy rubber reinforced gloves. Taking a stick he tripped the water tap. The stream gushed. And with it

a terrific crackling. Streamers of blue fire arced across the whole section. Carefully he closed the tap, and the pyrotechnics stopped.

"Hm," said Dick as they went toward the cage. "So that's it."

On the surface, Dick scrambled up over sooty tipples until he was on top of the hill containing the mine. Far overhead several high tension wires sang in the night wind. Hanging from a nearby tower was a thick black wire. One end of it was over a cable, the other lay on a large outcropping of surface coal. It had become fused in place.

In Eadings' office Dick explained his find. "Someone has deliberately fixed up this death trap. The current is carried through moist regions of the coal directly to Section 9 and the other place where those three men were killed—electrocuted."

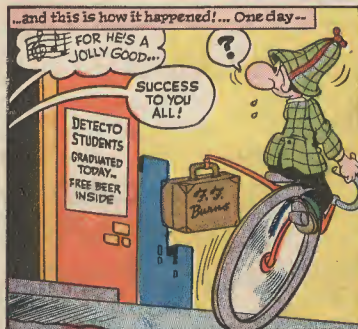
Eadings, leaped up, clawing for a gun in his desk. But Dick was too quick for him. He covered the man with a large automatic. "I thought it was you, Mr. Eadings. You got your idea in that washroom. That's where I got mine. You see, I've already checked up on you—and your connections with certain overseas interests. Call the police, Mr. Brant!"

# COMPARE! POLICE COMICS

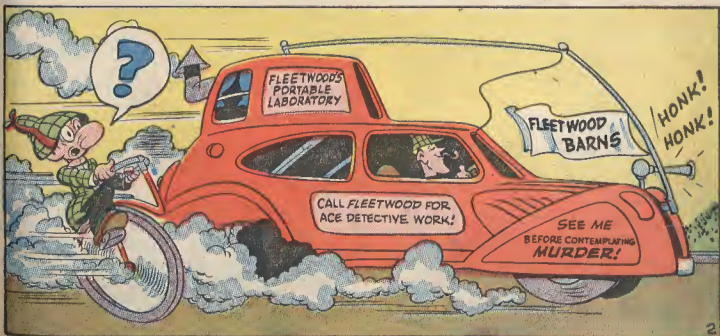
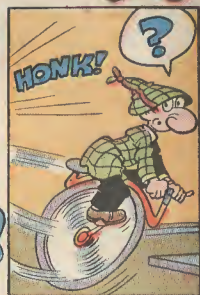
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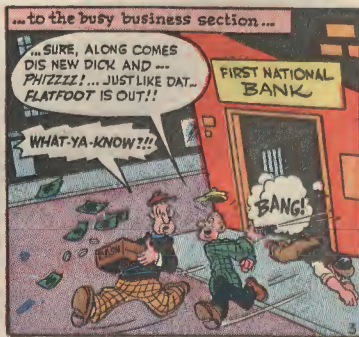
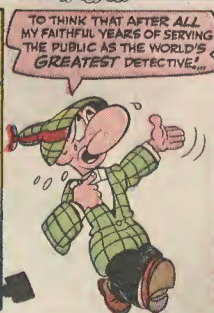
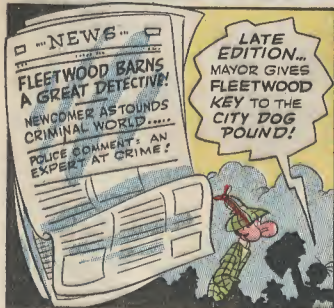
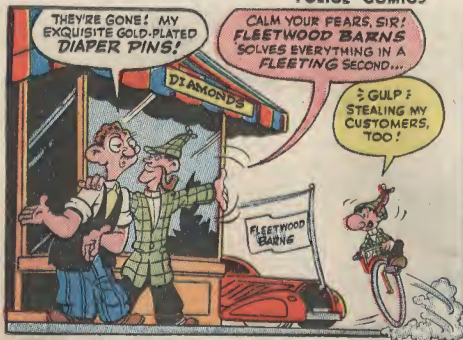


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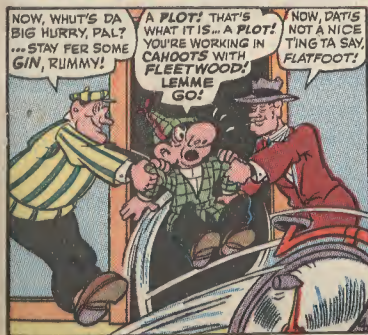
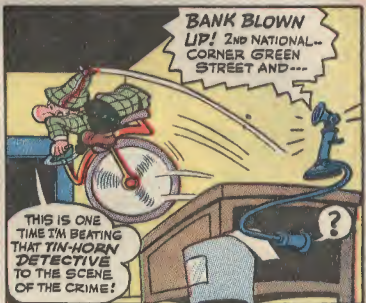
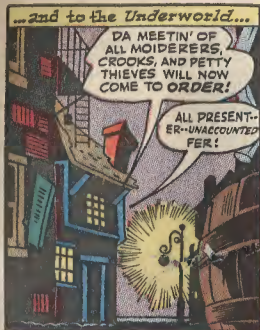




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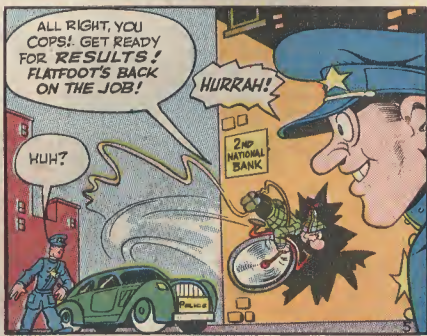
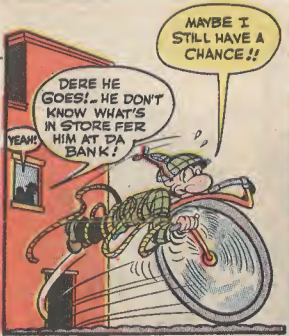


WH-WHERE'S  
M-MY PRIVATE  
CAR?

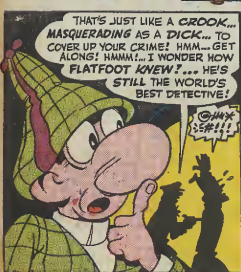
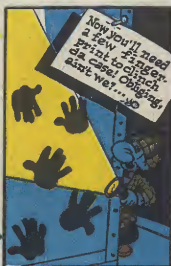
FLEETWOOD  
BARN  
PRIVATE  
PARKING



THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY  
GOING ON... I BET FLATFOOT  
IS IN CANOOTS WITH  
THOSE CROOKS!



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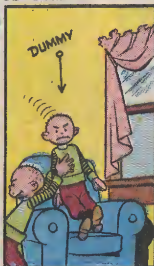
POLICE COMICS

**BURP**  
THE  
**TWEET**  
**ER**

BURP, WOULD YOU MIND WATCHING JUNIOR WHILE I GO SHOPPING?... HE WANTS TO GO TO THE BALL GAME, BUT DON'T LET HIM OUT!

A PLEASURE, MRS. SMUTZ!

THE SUPER SO-AN-SO



SO YOU'RE DOWN IN THE DUMPS, EH, JUNIOR? MAYBE I CAN CHEER YOU UP!



DID YOU EVER SEE MY BUILT-IN WINGS?... (HMM... HE'S HARD TO PLEASE!)



OR MY SPARE FEET?

STILL NO RESPONSE!



Three hours of this....

I QUIT! THE KID AIN'T HUMAN!



WELL, HOW DID YOU TWO GET ALONG?



MA'M, THAT WAS THE TOUGHEST AUDIENCE I EVER PLAYED TO!

# Manhunter



**W**hen Manhunter caught up with the murderous arsonist, Torch Tighe, he didn't know he was automatically sentencing his other self, Patrolman Dan Richards, to the electric chair!



POLICE COMICS

Patrolman Dan Richards reports in from his lonely warehouse beat:

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR THE FIREBUG, RICHARDS! HE SET ANOTHER WAREHOUSE FIRE IN FINLEY'S NEIGHBORHOOD TWO HOURS AGO!

I'M WATCHING, CAPTAIN!

FIVE WAREHOUSE FIRES IN THREE DAYS, WITH TWO DEATHS, MEANS WE'VE GOT A NASTY KILLER TO FACE! I'D LIKE TO NAIL HIM ....

BE CAREFUL! HE'LL KILL IF CORNERED! RING IN AT TWO O'CLOCK!

OF ALL RATS, I HATE ARSONISTS THE WORST! I'D LOVE TO GET MY HANDS ON THIS ONE!

*Suddenly...*

WHA...?? A FLICKER OF FLAME DOWN THE ALLEY, BEHIND THAT WAREHOUSE! IF IT'S THE FIREBUG...

AWRRRRK! A FLATFOOT!

TORCH TIGUE!... THIS IS THE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE, RAT!

TOO BAD I CAN'T STICK AROUND AND HELP YOU ENJOY IT, COPPER!

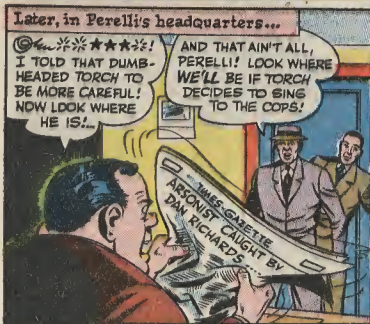
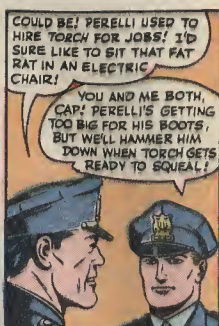
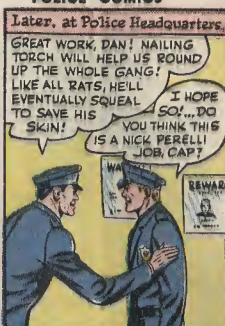
MY EYES!

MY EYES AREN'T BURNED OUT, BUT THEY'RE FULL OF SMOKE AND DUST! --AND TORCH TIGUE'S MAKING A CLEAN GETAWAY WHILE I CLEAR THEM!

POLICE COMICS

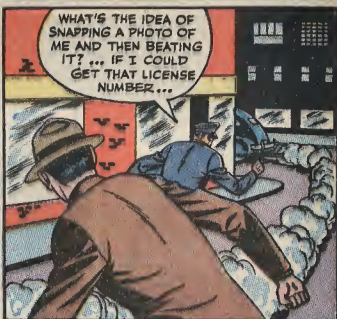


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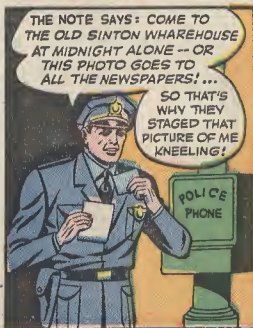
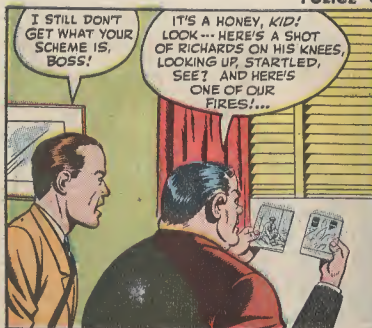




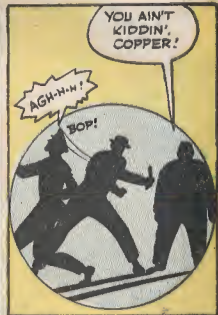
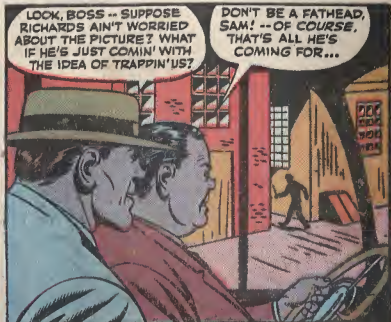
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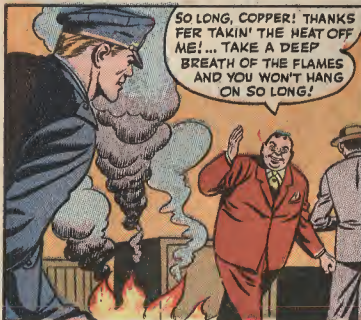


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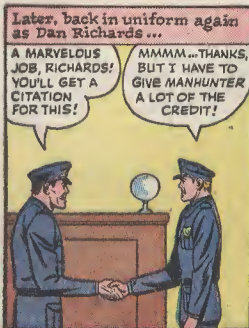
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# POLICE COMICS



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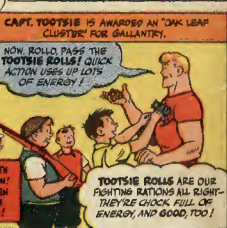
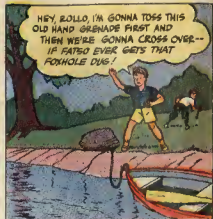
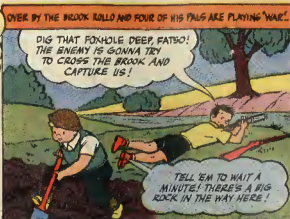
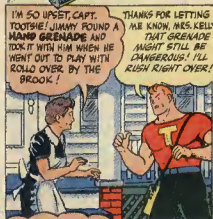
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